

FATE / CLASS WARFARE

CH6: THE ARCHER

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Hakuno Kishinami didn't recognize this place.

To be clear, it wasn't the very same Hakuno Kishinami that had already been summoned to the future Fuyuki City. That one was a man, but this teenager? *She* was very much a woman; a female variation of the same person who existed within the confines of an alternate timeline. The two didn't exist side by side, nor were they really aware of each other's existences. They were like two sides of the exact same coin, living out different yet similar vibes within the confines of the Moon Cell Holy Grail War.

But the brown haired woman was confused *precisely* because of this. Well, because she was clearly no longer within the Moon Cell, at least. Her last recollections involved helping brush the tail of her Servant, Tamamo-no-Mae of the Caster class. And now? She was hidden away within a dark alley of an unfamiliar city. The steps needed to reach the nearby road seemed excessive, although since it was seemingly the dead of night based on the position of the moon in the sky.

“What's going on?” Hakuno had wanted to move towards the alleyway's exit to try and get her bearings, maybe figuring out something about her situation at the same time, but— **“Ouch!”** Like she had just walked into a sliding glass door, she collided with an invisible obstruction and smacked her forehead against it.

Like the others, she was quick enough to pick up on the cause of entrapment. One's gaze would *naturally* shift downward when considering why it was that they couldn't move forward. The light of the summoning circle was clear as day once she noticed it, but much like her

counterpart she didn't really appear to understand *what* it was beyond just being a mere magic circle.



It was a difference in knowledge between themselves and the other Masters that had been summoned thus far. Not only did the Hakunos have some degree of amnesia, but the magic systems of the Moon Cell weren't as traditional as what was common on Earth. Servants weren't even summoned in the same way, so of course they wouldn't be able to recognize what the circles were for.

“If the circle is creating a barrier, then is there some way to break it?” Hakuno couldn't know for sure if it would fade on its own, but even though she had said it? The sound of brute forcing it didn't sound very safe nor likely either. She was inept when it came to magecraft and essentially had to equip any spells for use. She didn't have anything offensive on her person at the time she had been summoned.

So, was she stuck?

That definitely appeared to be the case. No amount of pushing or kicking on her part seemed to make the barrier budge. And for some reason? It felt like she was hitting with a little more *OOMPH* than usual too. She actually *was*, but it wasn't like her body *looked* stronger or anything like that. But just because she didn't *appear* stronger didn't mean that she hadn't become as such. It had become a reality because a Saint Graph had been embedded within the depths of her body.

And there *were* visual side effects of this even if it didn't show her strength. **“...Hm?”** Hakuno glanced down again. Not at the magic circle this time, but at her shirt. Her bra felt a little *snug* and she had been wondering if all of that moving around to try and break free of the circle had led to it needing an adjustment. But now she was getting a very *different* impression. Namely because she could see down her *cleavage* by examining her neckline. That *shouldn't* have been possible. Not to mention the base of her shirt felt like it was sitting a little too high.

“Are my *tits* bigger?” It was a little out of character for her to word it *that* way, just as it was out of character to grab and push her boobs together (unintentionally forcing the clasp of her bra to come off in the process. She squinted down, juggling their weight to try and get a better idea. **“*Nope!*”** Wait, what? They were *clearly* two cup sizes bigger! What was she even saying? She felt a little confused but also... *not?*

Hakuno was typically a very subdued person with her expressions and body language, but that was changing along with her body. She was already moving a little more, and it was getting easier to tell how she was feeling based on the expression on her face. Her eyes didn't just *seem* a little brighter but *literally* became as such, for the dull brown of their colors lit up with a brilliant turquoise between lengthier eyelashes. But there was something *else* about her eyes, too. Eyelids stretched and pulled so that they bore a different shape – a *Caucasian* shape that betrayed her Japanese blood.

And yet little by little? Any trace of that Japanese background was erased. Her face structurally shifted to better match a Caucasian woman's, such as in how her cheekbones rose and narrowed, or how her lips protruded a little more rather than thickening up and down. Even her nostrils had slimmed down on the sides before she spoke next. **“What am I...? Whoa!? Hey! My voice sounds kinda nice!”** She rubbed at her own neck with a big smile that betrayed her old persona. Did she *like* what was happening to her?

That *appeared* to be the case, even though she looked like she was a little older now, not to mention like she belonged to a completely different race. Things in that regard only worsened too, because the color of the young woman's hair showed signs of lightening. Some completely this before others, almost making it seem as if she had golden blonde highlights for a time before the rest grew in, but this hair also thinned a little bit in the process, with bangs messily swept past her right eye.

“It's weird. I can tell that I'm changing but...” Hakuno shrugged. A new name was coming to mind along with new memories in general. A different identity was rooting itself, one that was energetic and cool. But she couldn't find the will to push back against it, or at least she didn't feel *threatened* by it. Almost like she could tell that it meant her no harm and that she might be *better off* by letting it in. The more receptive she became to this presence? The darker a pink star tattoo that had slowly faded into existence beneath her left eye became.

While the increase in her breast size had *already* been felt, she was beginning to get a similar feeling *elsewhere*. Her sleeves felt a little tighter because her body was becoming *stronger*, toned muscles lining her form almost as if to lay the foundation for a softness that came not long after, at least in the lower half of her body.

Her turquoise eyes went wide. **“OUCH!?”** And she *immediately* reached back while flipping her skirt so that she could pick the newly formed wedgie that dug into her crack. With her ass more or less

exposed? You could readily see how it was inflating into a peach shape, or the emergence of a beauty mark in the center of the left cheek. This softer tissue painted over her muscles here, but also the muscles of her thighs so that they were thick and supple, and even parted her hips.

Limbs stretched too, shooting her height up from 5'3" to 5'6", and by that point her top had been lifted up enough to show off her midriff and the two pink star tattoos to the right of her bellybutton upon. **“Yikes! These clothes do not fit!”** Hakuno didn't really sound all that concerned about it though, and rather than wait for the changes to sort that out themselves? With a snap of her fingers, she changed *all* of the cloth she was wearing into particles of gold that rebound into a new ensemble.

A white thong that *fit* her was worn underneath a pleated, short, white skirt that barely reached the tops of her thighs. She was also wearing long, fingerless white gloves that almost reached her bare shoulders and matching boots. The real centerpiece of the outfit was a bright green 'leotard'-like garment that was *completely* cut open to show off her tummy and inner boobs, only covering the outer, lower parts of her tits and her hips. A crimson gem hung from a necklace just above her cleavage, while blonde hair was tied into a long ponytail on the left side.

“Heeey~! This isn't really so bad, is it? I mean I'm pretty cute, and hot, and sexy!” In the end, the *Archer* class Servant that had been fashioned from the female Hakuno Kishinami's existence seemed to be a little more *vocal* about any awareness she had regarding her point of origin. Rather, *Calamity Jane* felt content enough to accept it as 'part of herself' and allowed Hakuno's perception to blend with her own. The two were closer to being 'one' than any of the others.



Part of the reason for this was how *good* she felt. Her energy was high, and her appearance was *gorgeous*, so what was there not to like? Of course, the shadow of this being a Holy Grail War loomed over what she considered to be 'good vibes'. That was part of it too. Keeping a Master close to the core of her existence might give her an edge, right? So, there was no harm in it!

“But what am I gonna do? Hm... I guess I need allies.” The blonde woman tapped her chin thoughtfully before pulling out a small device. A sensor that allowed you to sense nearby Servants and distinguish their class. A little something she had gotten in the Servant Universe. **“Huh? Is this not a classic war? Why are there Extra classes here? What kind of Holy Grail War needs *Alter Egos*?”**

A good question, probably.